



at all. They disavow any such elevated motive, any such disinterested consideration, but boast to have taken under their especial care the rights of the whites to the exclusive pursuit of free labor in the Territories. Made bare and free with such intense selfishness, trained, exercised, oiled and disciplined in such indecent nakedness of all moral considerations, even in the most intensely moral conflict ever forced into politics, these beings constitute fit political jockeys, but nothing better, nothing else. A conscience towards God is essential in the conflict against slavery, and not an intuition of expediency merely, or a conscience towards the majority. If the party professedly for freedom would take conscience for their guide, and the people could once feel that they are honest and determined in the right, they would get the victory. But that party which, with correct principles, is afraid to follow them, afraid even to acknowledge them, afraid of the very men who would be faithful to them, as not being candidates available for success, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right, will be crushed, despised, ridden over rough-shod, by any party, with principles however wicked, not afraid of their principles, and determined to carry them out.

When the time comes for carrying principle into action against slavery, so far as to do anything, or propose anything, or mean anything for the deliverance of the enslaved, your mere politicians send and dive like frightened seals or beavers. They deny any principle that looks that way. There is no anti-slavery in them, nor would there be the slightest hope of mercy for the slave in the success of such a party, not could any conscientious Christian give such a party a solitary vote. And if such a party obtain the votes of any honest men, it will be in spite of such elaborate professions of depravity, and because the party are believed to be better than those men in it who, in the hope of votes in certain quarters, proclaim such detestable abnegation of principle, and yet, for the sake of votes, would be glad in some other quarters to be thought anti-slavery. The bogus profession of anti-slavery, along with the pledge never to interfere with slavery where it exists, reminds us of the hoax played upon a pious old negro, the burden of whose constant prayer used to be that de Lord would send de good angel, and take Cesar's soul to heaven. One night, just before retiring, he was startled by a knock at his cabin door. Who's dar' he called out. "The Lord's messenger" was the response, in a deep sepulchral tone; "time for Cesar to die." What do de Lord's messenger want? he tremblingly asked. "Want's Cesar's soul," broke on the solemn stillness. Out went the light, and under the bed went the humble, pious petitioner, exclaiming, "No such nigger here, sah! been dead tree weeks!" Just so with the pretensions of anti-slavery principle in some of our politicians, and anti-slavery piety in some of our ministers and Churches. When the demand comes to put the principle into action against slavery, the light is put under a bed. No such principle in our party; been dead ever since the last election. We pledge ourselves not to interfere with slavery where it exists. We purge ourselves of all suspicion of opposing slavery as to the negro race, all taint of Abolitionism. We go for the superiority of free labor over slave labor in the Territories, meaning that we are determined that none but whites shall have any opportunity at free labor at all.

There are those who sincerely believe that the success of such a party would be more disastrous, more hopeless for the enslaved, than even that of the party that declare the rightfulness and justice of slavery over the whole country. There is no ground on which we can meet the slave party but the ground of conscience, truth and righteousness. If property in man anywhere is not a crime, then everywhere it has the same right as any other property. The slaveholder, with his slaves, has just as good a right and title to the Territories as you have to them without slaves, and has just as perfect a right to carry his slaves all over the Union, and have them protected as his property, as you have to carry your children, your farming utensils, your books, your presses, your schools. But if free labor is right, if you have the right, as free laborers, to exclude slavery from the Territories, or to prevent its extension, it is only because free labor is just; and slavery being wrong, you are bound by God and justice to oppose slavery everywhere. You can oppose it with the Constitution only on the ground of its being wrong, only on the ground of the same right of the blacks to freedom as your own; for if slave property be not wrong, it belongs everywhere, wherever men choose to carry it. If it is wrong, your first duty and business is to break it up where it is already established. If it is right, it is right everywhere; and if you admit it anywhere, as right, you must admit it everywhere.

Now, to think of such tenets as these being instilled into the heart of the community, by the preachers, political and ecclesiastical, of such a slaveholding theology and liberty! They weave the spider's web, and hatch cockatrice's eggs: he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper. It may be said of this progressive pestilence, this infatuation of morals, gangrening not only the heart and mind of the people, but striking the very Constitution with sickness and death, it may be said, as of Job's leprosy, By the great force of my disease is my very garment changed, and bindeth me about, as the collar of my coat. The habit of such corruption of conscience and heart, if not resisted, if not thrown off, becomes not only a national wrap-rascal, but even as in nature the bark of one year's growth becomes the wood of the next, so it turns inward, and becomes at once vitalized and hardened as an unchangeable life. Thus we are going on. Our laws, our theology, our mercantile and social existence, under the spread of this infamy, the power of these pestilential teachings, are becoming like a tangled wilderness of scrub Upas trees, infested with deadly serpents. At every step you breathe poison, your flesh is torn by the knotted, thorny underbrush, and your veins, your blood, take up the virus. It is a region of horrors, in which the lizards and snakes of a predaceous world, not intended for man's abode, crawl over you and glare upon you.

It is the breathing of such an air, the getting accustomed to such moral monstrosities, the diseased condition of the moral sense consequent upon them, the stupefaction, the oppression, as of a moral *goitre* in the soul, that has prepared the people to endure, unmoved, such outrages as would have stung their fathers to madness, and to look stupidly on, while right after right is being invaded and taken from us, and usurpation after usurpation is set as precedent and law. Our free citizens are thrown into jail at the uplifted finger of the Slave Power, without so much even as the allegation of a crime. Where is our Personal Liberty bill, needed not for fugitive slaves only, but for all men who have not a fugitive and lying conscience, ready to forsake God and humanity at the beck of the oppressor? It is the least and lowest thing that any sovereign State can do for its citizens, to protect them in the right of personal liberty, to defend them at least from being seized by a foreign power on their own soil, torn from their families and thrust into jail, without crime, and without even the pretense of trial. If a sovereign State cannot protect its citizens against such tyranny, such violence, as in its sovereignty worth—what is good for? If any sovereign State will let its citizens be snatched up in this insolent way, refusing even the writ that should take them from the grasp of such tyranny, and bring them to a fair trial, we see not what prerogative of sovereignty it has left which is not a mere sham. John Randolph's toast concerning State Rights may be drunk by the slaveholders over the dead body of such a sovereignty with a hip and hurrah! *De mortuis, nil nisi bonum.* And the Slave Power can afford to give such a State, that will thus sacrifice the personal liberty of its citizens, at the bidding of an infamous unconstitutional federal slave bill, or Senatoral Investigating Committee, the largest privilege of blazing and fulminating against slavery. Such a State may be indulged by the Federal Government, and the Slave Power enthroned over it, in the most extravagant jubilant anthem concerning the opening of the prison-doors and letting the oppressed go free, in any freaks and salutes of

fanfare, and see the city burn, meantime driving back within its walls all that endeavored to escape from it. Suppose that the country should denounce all other action excepting only this as unconstitutional. Suppose that the country should, in the name of God and the Constitution, solemnly pledge themselves not to interfere in any way, directly or indirectly, with the pestilence and the conflagration, where they were raging; but, on the other hand, to guarantee the security and perpetuity of the evil as a vested right not to be meddled with!

If such be the policy to be proclaimed and pursued in regard to the crime and pestilence of slavery, it is diabolical, and the more so because the pretence is that by such a policy, you ensure the termination of the evil. But in what way? Is this a Christian remedy? Is this the command of mercy that comes to you from the word of God, or of justice from the majesty of Heaven? The evil you say will die out, if you can only secure the country against its extension. The evil will die out, if you only prevent any more slave States from being established. Restrict, therefore, your policy of reform, your Christianity, your benevolence, to that, and leave the sin alone, where it is now rioting in the morsels and miseries of millions beneath its despotism. And this is the remedy proposed by Christian men and brethren commanded to love their neighbors as themselves! This is the proposition of Christian reformers, to let slaves die out among its rotting, dying, imploring victims! To let it die out, by letting it work on, in all its atrocity and cruelty, as a guaranteed, constitutional *geheima*, marked off, moated off, environed, amidst surrounding specters and powers of mercy and of justice, that might scatter the fuel of its perdition and rescue its millions of burning men, women and children, as brands from the burning, by the legitimate power of the gospel of God and the Constitution! This *geheima* you might have changed into a school of freedom and piety, but you refused to interfere, and consented to its sanction and continuance, and guaranteed its permanence, as a vested interest, a missionary institution, a domestic hell, which the owning and superintending demons have a perfect right to perpetuate for their own profit and power!

There is no language that can suitably describe and denounce such monstrosities. The worship of God and Baal together was no worse among the Jews than the embrace and amalgamation of such doctrines. What a hideous, mongrel, debased thing must that freedom be, which is the compound of such selfishness and cruelty! The temple of God, under Solomon's wildest madness of compound concubines and idolatry, even then altars and incense arose to Moloch and Jehovah side by side, was not so signally disgraced by such abominations as our religion and theology by such avowed and practised impieties. We talk about infanticide, and the horribleness of laws justifying it, or of a united public opinion, legal sanction and moral justification making that practice of the vested rights of human beings in society. But what is that in comparison with the pretense of a vested right, morally justified, to brand the babies of four millions, as soon as they are born, as chattels, that is to steal them from their birth, assassinate their personality, and make merchandise of them from the cradle to the grave! If God has set murder as a crime to be punished with death, and if, on that account, infanticide being the crime of murder, is to be judged with the same abhorrence, and punished in the same way, then, by the same rule, since man-stabbing is also set down of God as a crime, of the same kind as murder, and to be punished in like manner, it follows that babe-stealing, the converting of babes into chattels, the making merchandise of them, is also and equally a crime worthy of death. And yet we have the spectacle of professedly Christian men of all parties uniting in the justification and defense of this crime, declaring that the right to commit it is an inherent right of State sovereignty, and a vested right of slave property, and emulating each other in the proclamation of a pledge never to interfere with that right! A spectacle so debasing, so vile a degradation of manhood and Christianity, never was seen on earth. The crime of the Sodomites in attacking angels was not to be compared with the wickedness of turning innocent babies into things to be used from the cradle to the grave for the lust and avarice of their owners.

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On one occasion, many years ago, I remember, when the British Empire was in ferment in regard to the Irish, and their asserted wrongs, and the question was asked in Parliament, What shall we do with Ireland? a member replied, "Scuttle her." This is the amount of the cool, hardened cruelty proposed in regard to the colored race of the United States. Slough them off! Expatriate them! Scuttle them! Keep the slaves where they are, and guarantee the vested rights of the slave States in their property, and at the same time expatriate all the free negroes, and keep both slave and free out of the Territories. Leave slavery where it is, and keep it where it is, sending back all fugitives, and maintaining it by law as a domestic institution. Shut it up in the slave States, and it will die out; but promise not to interfere with it, directly or indirectly. In these promises and propositions, the most distant idea of any right to freedom on the part of the enslaved, or any obligations of justice or of mercy on our part towards them, or any assertion of their rights, or even of the right of any attempt on our part to redeem and deliver them, is as completely ignored, and in effect denied and forbidden, as if they were exiles in Siberia. The barbarous inhumanity of these propositions, to whites as well as blacks, if slavery be considered a wrong and an evil, can hardly be described or appreciated. Suppose that a deadly pestilence were raging in some part of our country, and, instead of sending physicians, medicines, nurses, suppose we should dig a moat round the whole region, and, forbidding the escape of any fugitive, should leave the victims of the pestilence to die, and the land to be depopulated. Suppose that a fire were raging in a great city, and, there being a powder manufactory within its limits, suppose that the proprietors of the outlying farms and villages should cut off all communication, and stand

speculative demonstrations, in conventions, in resolutions, in speeches all blazing with the pyrotechnics and thundering with the detonating powder of the highest Republican or Democratic liberty. The grander such harmless, ineffective enthusiasm, the safer for the slave tyranny; the more sublime the flight of the spread-eagles of popular eloquence, the more abject and spiritless will such a people be, whose ardor in the cause of freedom shuns the form and cost of brave, decisive deeds, and expands itself in speculative boasts and halucinjus. There being no intention, nor any danger, of going beyond the form of speculation concerning liberty, it costs nothing, as Burke said of the flights of hypocrisy, to have them magnificent. And our slave-drivers need not be afraid, though Bunker Hill Monument itself should, on this Fourth of July, be rammed full with powder, and the charge waded with all the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence, and the column slanted and fired down South, with the huge, hissing, red-hot ball flaming from its granite throat, that all men are born free and equal, black or white, and that property in man is a lie, a curse, an impossibility.

Our liberties are going down to the pit, and we with them, by submission to such invasions, and the breathings of such pestilential winds of doctrine that accompany them, as fast as any remorseless and successful despotism could ever carry us. There lies at this very moment in Washington jail, for conscience' sake and for the assertion of our rights, our liberties, a free citizen, our friend and brother—a very Hampden in his position, and as noble and sincere in his soul—a finely-toned, enthusiastic, noble spirit—our friend and brother Hyatt; and it is conscience and the rights of conscience—yours, mine, that are outraged in his imprisonment. Law, truth, conscience, justice, equity, freedom, piety, everything dear to us, is outraged in this act. Mr. Hyatt tested the Senate with marked deference and respect. He presented himself freely before them. He did not refuse to answer any of their questions that might be put to him in his country, and not thrust upon him under the uplifted lash of the slave-driver. He merely denied, as in his conscience he was bound to deny, that they had any right to compel him to answer. And for that declaration, as for crime, this insolent body of the people's servants instantly, as though they were a court of justice sitting on trial, and armed with that infinite and awful power of accusation and punishment of what is called contempt of court, threw this free citizen into prison. Why, my friends, if the man had committed a crime, it would have shielded him! They could not have dealt with him thus, could not have touched him with the finger of their despotism; but being innocent, and declaring himself governed by a conscience towards God, being accused of no crime, and guilty of none, so as not to come within the jurisdiction of any law, they can treat him, driven by their own despotic rage at his claim of conscience, as they could not treat even a felon. If he had been accused of some definite and horrible crime—he had really committed it, before and against the Senate that in his conscience he did not think or believe that an investigating committee of the Senate had lawful power to compel him to answer their questions, for that declaration, as for crime, they can hurry him away to prison on the instant, overriding, crushing, annihilating accusation, indictment, trial, court, judge, jury and witnesses, all in one motion, all this. Now, consider what an enormity is this. What an awful, irresponsible power is here claimed and exercised, by which, at any time, through subtle management in the Senate, raising a committee with powers, a faction in that body may seize any man obnoxious to it, any man, anywhere, who stands in the way of its will, its tyranny, and put him out of the way, without impunity; nobody thinks of molesting him; let him speak, let him curse, let him do what he pleases. On the other hand, any man going down from the North to the South, if he dare to whisper but one single word that indicates hatred of slavery, he is in deadly peril. There is no Constitution to protect him; no Union for him; no star-spangled banner to wave over his head. And yet men talk about preserving the "glorious Union"! What infatuation is this!

However, I did not intend to make any remarks at this time, but only to introduce to you one of the victims—Mr. JAMES CRANAGE, of Ireland, who has been a resident of our country some two years, and of whose atrocious treatment in Georgia you may have heard. He is here, and I invite him to the platform to tell his own story.

Mr. CRANAGE, who was received with hearty applause, then proceeded to detail the circumstances connected with the outrage perpetrated upon him. In August, 1859, in Georgia, with which the readers of the *Liberator* are already familiar, and which are given in the pamphlet entitled "The New Reign of Terror," to which Mr. Garrison referred. In conclusion, Mr. C. said that he endorsed the doctrines which had been advocated from that platform, and that heretofore he had used every exertion in his power to bring about the emancipation of the slave. (Applause.)

Mr. GARRISON again came forward, and, resuming the topic on which he was speaking when he introduced Mr. Cranage, said:

This book ("The New Reign of Terror") ought to be circulated by millions throughout the Free States; a copy, at least, should be in every household, to

"Sir, a fever in the blood of age,

And make the infant's sinews strong as steel."

What would be the feeling of the South, provided the power of these pestilential teachings, are becoming not only the heart and mind of the people, but striking the very Constitution with sickness and death, it may be said, as of Job's leprosy, By the great force of my disease is my very garment changed, and bindeth me about, as the collar of my coat. The habit of such corruption of conscience and heart, if not resisted, if not thrown off, becomes not only a national wrap-rascal, but even as in nature the bark of one year's growth becomes the wood of the next, so it turns inward, and becomes at once vitalized and hardened as an unchangeable life. Thus we are going on. Our laws, our theology, our mercantile and social existence, under the spread of this infamy, the power of these pestilential teachings, are becoming like a tangled wilderness of scrub Upas trees, infested with deadly serpents. At every step you breathe poison, your flesh is torn by the knotted, thorny underbrush, and your veins, your blood, take up the virus. It is a region of horrors, in which the lizards and snakes of a predaceous world, not intended for man's abode, crawl over you and glare upon you.

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## THE LIBERATOR.

We have had a great deal to contend with, far as the Irish population of our country are concerned, I have often said that if this were a fair stand-up fight between native-born Americans, we should soon settle the question. But the calamity has been that the millions who have come here from the Old World in quest of homes, have been used by the Slave Power of the country to perpetuate the chains of those in bondage. I do not feel indignant in regard to their position, but only deeply compassionate. They know not what they do. But it is a tremendous political and religious power exerted in one direction, and that is against the Anti-Slavery enterprise. A few years ago, Mr. O'Connell, Father Mathew, and seventy thousand other Irishmen, a considerable portion of them priests of the Catholic Church in Ireland, put their names to an Anti-Slavery Address, calling upon Irishmen in this country to be true to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and to regard the Abolitionists as the only true friends of freedom in America. But it was received with indifference, contempt, nay, even with hostility, by the great body of Irishmen. Let me give you what extract of the speech of O'Connell on the subject of American slavery—and I made

testament, possibly be an infidel. It is the old cry, raised in all ages, to put down reform and progress, of whom we boast in the world's history, and Jesus himself, were put to death on the ground of their exceeding wickedness, because they were not, heretics, blasphemers, and therefore deserving to be put to death. It will ever stand recorded upon the page of history, that Jesus was crucified by count of his diabolical wickedness. He had done further witness? And from the beginning of this glorious movement, one of the most effective and powerful devices to keep us uniting together was the raising of this cry of "infidelity" against those engaged heartily in this great work. Whereas, God, who has gone down to the root of things, that had no arm of flesh to lean upon, only the arm of truth which is mighty, and able to do the work. When we hear of the Anti-Slavery Association, we are told that it is the Anti-Slavery Association, and that it has been raised by a loftiness of spirit, and a sheen of daring usage, that has shown the world that the Anti-Slavery Association is the Anti-Slavery Association, and that it has been raised by a loftiness of spirit, and a sheen of daring usage, that has shown the world that the Anti-Slavery Association is the Anti-Slavery Association, and that it has been raised by a loftiness of spirit, and a sheen of daring usage, that has shown the world that the Anti-Slavery Association is the Anti-Slavery Association, and that it has been raised by a loftiness of spirit, and a sheen of daring usage, that has shown the world that the Anti-Slavery Association is the Anti-Slavery Association, and that it has been raised by a loftiness of spirit, and

MAY 25.

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fession, be the old cry, as  
down reform and progress,  
in the world's history, inad-  
missible to death on the ground  
of men, and therefore deserving  
that Jesus was crucified by  
the very elect of God, on ac-  
cident? 'He hath a devil;  
what need have we of  
him from the beginning of  
the most effective and  
is cry of "infidelity" against  
us that shows his own  
to the root of things, that  
by a lofty and grand soul-inspiring—  
and the anti-slavery movement is true.  
It is upon the arm of  
opposition. Still, we are not  
anything. It is of no con-  
fidence. What do I care that  
the name of Presbyterian,  
or Universalist? I do not  
These are idle terms; empty  
easily accepted, easily won,  
my judgment of him. I must  
pursue; I must know the man;  
justice and humanity! I must  
be a man; and it will  
at I will give him my regard,  
a Presbyterian, Methodist, or  
of faith in Christ worth this  
ing. What does it prove in this  
cept that a man is in the fas-  
what everybody says. What  
shamed me that a man says,  
d. Mahomet is his prophet'  
character, nothing to the  
man. And here, in this coun-  
the Christ of America, a  
way-breeding, slave-hunting,  
popular side. It is of no va-  
lost its savor. I do not care  
believe in Christ—I do not  
Let him show me that he  
Christ stands in his day  
men; that he sympathizes  
persecuted of God's crea-  
the loss of all things, if  
redeemed, and then I will  
the absurdity is in trying to  
the old test; in supposing  
new sins, new evidences of  
demanding other tests than  
to Jesus, those proud, pre-  
arisees. 'Who are you? We  
father.' Did it cost them  
say that? Nothing; it was  
it, in the days of Abraham,  
means something. Here  
protests. It is easy to say  
not the slightest evidence of  
meet the malignant oppo-  
powers in Europe, handed to  
formation he inaugurated, to  
the spirit of the slaves to  
suffer for conscience  
d. (Applause.) What do I  
not shout? 'Hurrah for  
George Washington!' In  
that marvellous courage  
for the memory of Sam  
'No doubt; it is  
and demagogues, Democratic  
peakers, are saying these  
their emptiness by say-  
ing does not go back to Luther  
in his day; Jesus his work  
their work in their day;  
glory to Moses or Abra-  
the people. 'Your hands are  
make you clean; put away  
from before mine eyes—  
harshises, hypocrites!' When  
launched, when the tide  
onward, when our fathers  
loss of power of the mother  
peril of their lives, then it  
what manner of men they  
to have our Fourth of July  
now observed, and declaim  
and boast about what our  
We ought to be in better  
to keep any day, save days  
and prayer, till 'liberty be  
the land, to all the inhab-  
lance.)

The Convention then adjourned, to meet on Wednes-  
day morning at 10 o'clock.

## WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The Society reassembled at the Cooper Institute at 10 o'clock, the President in the chair.

The Committee, appointed to nominate officers of the Society for the ensuing year, reported as follows:

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Massachusetts,

## VICE PRESIDENTS,

Peter Libby, *Mass.* Edward M. Davis, *Penn.*

Luther M. Meindly, *N. H.*

Thomas Whitson, " Joseph Moore, "

John M. Hawks, "

Jehiel C. Claffin, *Pt.* Rowland Johnson, *N. J.*

Francis Jackson, *Mass.* Alfred G. Campbell, "

Edmund Quincy, " Thomas Garrett, *Del.*

Asa Fairbanks, *R. I.* Thomas Donaldson, *Ohio.*

James A. Whiting, *Conn.* Benjamin Bowe, "

Samuel J. May, *A. T.* John W. H. Seward, *Ind.*

Cornelius Brantford, " William Hopkins, "

Amy Post, " Joseph Merritt, *Mich.*

Phiney Sexton, " Thomas Chandler, "

Lydia Mott, " Cyrus Fuller, "

Henry A. Hartt, " Carver Tomlinson, *Ill.*

Caleb Green, *Minnesota.*

Robert Purvis, " Georgians B. Kirby, *Cal.*

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Boston.

TREASURER,

FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

William Lloyd Garrison, Sydney Howard Gay, Samuel May, Jr., Edmund Quincy, William I. Bowditch, Maria Weston Chapman, Charles K. Whipple, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, Anne Warren Weston.

The report was adopted, and the officers named elected unanimously.

Mr. GILES B. STEBBINS, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was the first speaker in the morning. He eulogized the Anti-Slavery cause as one of the great educating powers of the country, and rebuked the moral cowardice of the times.

J. ELIZABETH JONES, of Ohio, was then introduced to the meeting, and delivered an address of the most touching and interesting character.

REV. GEORGE F. NOYES, of New York city, addressed the meeting, attributing to the President of this Society the honorable responsibility for the whole anti-slavery agitation now existing, and expressing his views of the true philosophy of the cause.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR., then made an earnest appeal to the members of the Society and the friends of the cause generally, to contribute liberally, in view of the great work to be accomplished, and the special exigencies of the times. He was followed by Mr. GARRISON, who briefly addressed the audience on the same topic, contrasting the magnificent sum received annually by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (upwards of \$400,000), and the small amount contributed to the American Anti-Slavery Society, which, he said, was the only Mis-

nor are man's rights dependent upon it—though its

glorious truths are in entire accordance with the na-

ture of man, and the supremacy of God over every

soul. Hence I use it without superstition—without

accepting any particular dogma in regard to it. I use

it in season and out of season, if there be any out of

season with it), because its denunciations against op-

pression are so tremendous, its warnings so solemn

and awful, its promises of the blessings growing out

of emancipation so grand and soul-inspiring—as the

best weapon I can find against American slavery.

A VOICE.—Where do people get rights, except from

the Bible?

MR. GARRISON.—What is man? Who is he?

ANSWER.—Created in the image of God.

MR. GARRISON.—When?

MR. GARRISON.—True. So God created man in his

own image, the image of God created he him;

male and female created he them.'

That was before

there was any book. I believe. (Laughter and ap-

plause.) Was man before all books?

Was man before all books, and shall survive all books,

and therefore no book is equal to man. (Applause.)

SAME VOICE.—Where there is no Bible, there is no

liberty either.

MR. GARRISON.—Where there is the Bible, alas!

there are four millions of slaves. (Great cheering.)

Why does not this Bible-believing nation break every yoke?

VOICE.—Speak to them, and not to us.

MR. GARRISON.—I am speaking to them; and be-

cause I ask that question, I am branded as an infi-

deate.

VOICE.—I am as anti-slavery as you are, but I don't

like to hear anything said against the Bible.

MR. GARRISON.—I am vindicating the nature of

man, not disparaging the Bible:

How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful is man!

Distinguished link in being's endless chain,

Midway from nothing to the Deity;

A man ethereal, subtle and absorb;

Though scolded and dishonored, still divine.

Whatever tends to elevate man, of course is right.

The Bible, rightly understood, and used, may be

made a tremendous weapon to bend down injustice and wrong. The Bible, read superstitiously, read me-  
chanically, accepted traditionally, may kill, as the  
latter does kill, while the spirit in that case fails to  
make alive. (Applause.) Whether it be infidelity or  
not, I say that the rights of man are not dependent upon any par-  
ticular [1] and the New York Independ-  
ence make the most of it. (Loud cheers.)

[1] Since this sentiment was uttered, we have seen, for the first time, the following passage extracted from the first political speech delivered by the celebrated Alexander Hamilton. The coincidence of his thought and expression with ours is very striking :

The meeting in earnest commendation of the objects, purpose and courageous spirit of the Anti-Slavery Society, declaring the great need of its continued action, and particularly dwelling upon the inhumanity of the land shown in all its treatment of the colored people.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn, addressed

the meeting in earnest commendation of the objects,

purpose and courageous spirit of the Anti-Slavery

Society,

declaring the great need of its continued action,

and particularly dwelling upon the inhumanity of the

land shown in all its treatment of the colored

people.

Mr. GARRISON next addressed the meeting. [For his speech, see preceding page.]

SAMUEL MAY, JR., behalf of the Business Com-

mittee, offered additional resolutions. [The series is

so extended, we can find room, in our present number,

for only the following:]

Resolved, That the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt by the Senate of the United States, for his con-  
scientious refusal to appear as a witness before the  
Committee appointed by that body to investigate the  
facts pertaining to John Brown's intercession in be-  
half of the slaves at Harper's Ferry, is a usurpa-  
tion of power not conferred by the Constitution, and a  
dangerous infringement of the liberties of the people;  
and that we give Mr. Hyatt assurance of our grati-  
tude for his brave resistance to this new exhibition of  
the insolence of the Slave Power.

Resolved, That the new dogma, that the Constitu-  
tion of its own force carries slavery into any or all the  
Territories of the United States, is a dangerous politi-  
cal heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions  
of the Constitution, and a violation of the principles  
of non-intervention and popular sovereignty; and  
that we disapprove of the efforts of the Federal  
Government to sustain it, and that we call upon Congress  
to take prompt and efficient measures to stop the  
further extension of this execrable traffic.

Resolved, That the normal condition of all the territory  
of the United States is that of freedom; that as our  
republican fathers, when they had abolished  
slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person  
should be deprived of life, liberty or  
property without due process of law, it becomes  
our duty, by legislative, whenever necessary, or by  
constitutional amendment, to maintain the principles  
of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, and to  
stop the further extension of this execrable traffic.

Resolved, That the heavy and oppressive imposi-  
tions of the Federal Government upon the slaves in the  
Territories of the United States, and the efforts of the  
Federal Government to sustain them, are a violation  
of the principles of non-intervention and popular  
sovereignty, and are execrable.

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## POETRY.

*For the Liberator.***SPRING.**

Stern Winter, the monarch of seasons, has fled,  
And many who saw its beginning are dead—  
May we, who're permitted its scenes to survive,  
Be grateful to Him who has kept us alive.

All joyous we hail the return of the Spring;  
To its Author the heart's grateful tribute we bring;  
And while Nature to life is now waking anew,  
Let each strive for a life fit more noble and true.

As the earth is now donning her gayest attire,—  
As before Spring's warm breath Winter's cold doth  
retire,—

May we, each, with a heart filled with love for man-kind,

Seek to melt off the fetters from each human mind.  
As the farmer goes forth, casting into the soil  
The seed which when grown shall repay all his toil,  
So may we, in this Spring-time of being, prepare  
In the joys of the world's final harvest share.

Boston, May 11, 1860. JUSTINIA.

**THE GLADNESS OF MAY.**

'Tis May again, 'tis May again,  
The time of happy hours,  
When Nature wears her fairest robe  
Of young and dewy flowers;  
When gentle morn wakes from the east  
As rosy as the sky,  
And brooks are laughing in the meads,  
And birds are singing by.

Visions, sweet as summer's eve,  
Or autumn's glowing day,  
Are rushing on the mind of youth  
As lovely as they're gay;  
Hopes priz'd more than coral lip,  
Or maiden's blushing vow,  
Are coming back to cheer old age,  
And deck its snowy bough.

Kingcups, bathed in golden light,  
Their tender breasts unfold,  
And verdant plains burst on the sight,  
Like beds of waving gold;  
Violets from the mossy banks  
In purple clusters rise,  
And daisies one begin  
To show their starry eyes.

Leaves nured in the noontide's warmth,  
All kissed by the dew,  
Are woven into forest crowns  
That mock the emerald's hue;  
And twining garlands round about  
The wasting walls of yore,  
As loth the heart to memory,  
When life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls  
Adorn the orchard trees,  
And odors from their honied lips  
Add fragrance to the breeze;  
Beauty's soft and radiant glow  
Is mantling all the grain,  
And from the earth a promise comes  
Of fruit and corn again.

Birds, rich in plumage and in voice,  
From every wood and grove,  
In joyous concert card forth  
The melody of love;  
Zephyrs, mild as music's tone,  
Upon their pinions bring  
Sweet echoes to the listening ear,  
And incense of the spring.

Insects, bright in Tyrian dyes,  
Wake from their torpid sleep,  
As countless as the ocean sands  
Lay calmly hung in silver light  
Like folds of fleecy snow,  
Are shadowed in the silent streams  
That by the valleys flow;

Now cradled by the swelling waves,  
Now on the shore at play,  
Now flitting round the lofty hills  
As blithesome as a fay.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again,  
The time of happy hours,  
When Nature wears her fairest robe  
Of young and dewy flowers;  
When gentle morn wakes from the east  
As rosy as the sky,  
And brooks are laughing in the meads,  
And birds are singing by.

**THE GOLD HAS PASSED AWAY.**  
BY JOSEPH HUTTON.

Cold winter, with its chilly winds,  
Has left us for a while;  
And spring-time, with its new-born flowers,  
Makes hills and valleys smile.

And many a home is cheerful now,  
And many a heart is gay;

For spring has brought us sunny warmth—  
The cold has passed away.

**SPRING.**  
Look all around thee! How the spring advances!  
New life is playing through the gay, green trees;  
So high, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances  
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze!

How every blossom in the sun-light glances!

The Winter-frost to his dark caverns creeps,  
And earth, warn-wakened, feels through every vein  
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,  
Dance joyfully the verdant vales along;

Cold fear no more the singer's tongue is sealing;

Dawn in the thick, dark grove is heard his song;

And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,

A thousand plants the field and forest throng;

Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,

And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

(From the German of TIECK.)

**THE ANGEL OVER THE ROOF.**

Over all houses, where men reside,  
Spirits have stationed an angel guard—

Souls of the loved who have lived and died—

Faithful and constant their watch and ward.

Our sentinel floats in the balmy air;

Over the roof we see him stand,

Clothed in a garment all white and fair,

And pointing up with his cloudy hand.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Answer from the Spaulding. Yes; take good care of him.*

*Ben. de Ford. We'll do that.*

*Spaulding. What's the news from Boston?*

*Ben. de Ford. Charleston Convention adjourned to Baltimore. Is this fellow a delegate?*

*Spaulding. Look out for that. Is that you, Fraser? How are you? How's Tolte?*

*Ben. de Ford. Two and seven-eighths, and rising. Ha! ha! ha!*

*Ben. de Ford. Who have you nominated at Charleston?*

*Spaulding. James Buchanan.*

*Ben. de Ford. Who did you try?*

*Spaulding. (repeats.) James Buchanan.*

*Ben. de Ford. Ha! ha! ha!*

*The band struck up again. The "Marselles" was elegantly played—according to America.*

*Chorus are given by the passengers on the Ben. de Ford, the sailors have their handkerchiefs again.*

*One of the steamer's boats having just returned from the service of placing on board the steamer Ben. de Ford, from Boston for Charleston, a negro presumed to be a fugitive slave, found secreted on board the Spaulding early this morning, I will give you an account of the occurrence in detail, inasmuch as the whole affair is likely to be fully investigated upon the arrival of the Spaulding at Boston, and, furthermore, is calculated to provoke discussion in other sections of the country.*

*DISCOVERY OF THE NEGRO AFTER FIVE DAYS' CONFINEMENT IN THE COAL-HOLE—LITTLE FOOD—NO WATER.*

*About half-past four o'clock this (Sunday) morning, the crew of the steamer Spaulding, named Patrick Daly, was hard at work shoveling coal into his furnace when the heap tumbled down, and the legs of a human being appeared to his startled vision. The place was dark and close, but there was sufficient light from the furnace fire for him to see that there was a human body there, dead or alive. Supposing that some of his fellow-freemen had fallen asleep or become suffocated, he placed his hand on the breast of the object, which he could distinguish by the white shirt, and he could distinguish the body out. Daly was not a little frightened, but he soon discovered that he had exhausted a negro, either dead or asleep, for he appeared insensible. After some shaking, the negro was aroused, and his first exclamation was, "Please don't tell on me, Massa!" Daily immediately informed one of the engineers, Mr. Libbey, that he had discovered he had made a mistake that officer did not inform the other officers of the fact of the fact, and it was not until nearly four o'clock that the chief officer of the Spaulding, Mr. Josiah Atkins, was made aware of it.*

*A CONSULTATION AMONG PASSENGERS.*

*Mr. Atkins at once informed Capt. Howes, commander of the Spaulding, of the circumstances, and at a little past four o'clock a consultation was held between Hon. Bradford S. Wales, of Massachusetts; Col. Peter Durbar, (one of the charter party,) and Hon. A. Hunter, a slave-owner in Missouri, and it was unanimously agreed that the negro should be returned to the South, by some means or other. Although he said he was a free negro, there was sufficient evidence, in the judgment of those interrogating him, to prove the contrary, and the question was whether it was best to put back to Norfolk, Virginia, or to endeavor to intercept the Ben. de Ford, belonging to the same line as the Spaulding, and which sailed from Boston at 4 P. M. on Saturday, for Baltimore. He replied that he intended to give it to him (Mr. W.) and one to the steward Mr. Franklin, and that he could not find a mate for the Ben. de Ford, and that he had no money enough to pay him his passage.*

*THE NEGRO'S STORY OF HIMSELF.*

*Being interrogated by Mr. Hunter, of Missouri, the negro said he was free, and his name was Sam Braxton; at another time that it was Wm. Braxton; that he was about thirty-three years old, and that he had served as a fireman and as a barkeeper on steamers on the Ohio river; that he lived in Madison, Indiana, and had a relative in the city of Boston. He said he had been hired by a delegate to the Democratic Convention to attend him, for which he was paid seven bits a day, with an allowance of two extra bits per day to purchase food. He wanted to get to Boston to see his relative, and stowed himself away in the coal hole of the Spaulding for the purpose, not having money enough to directed to adopt the latter course, and it was done.*

*POSITION OF THE S. R. SPAULDING WHEN SHE CHANGED HER COURSE TO DELIVER UP THE FUGITIVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.*

*At this time, about 4 A. M., the Spaulding was at sea forty miles southwest from Nantucket South Shoals. The weather was calm and the sea light. After determining to change her course in order to intercept the Ben. de Ford, Capt. Howes put the Spaulding on a westerly course, and kept it direction about four hours.*

*Mr. Hallett, who has a large plantation about twenty-five miles back of Capt. Girardeau, on the Mississippi river, and is familiar with the peculiarities of the dialects of the negroes in different sections of the country, pronounced Jones' story entirely improbable. Besides having no tree papers, a requirement inexorably demanded in South Carolina of all negroes claiming to be free, his whole manner was that of a South Carolina slave, perhaps a hour servant, although he did not look much like one as he made his departure from the Spaulding. On demanding his passport, he said he had lost it, and examining his wallet, it was found to contain only a pass written by Mr. Gilmore, of the band, for admission to his concert, and a few dollars in money. Having been refused admission to the concert by Mr. Wild, who probably knew the Southern regulations in such cases more familiarly than Mr. Gilmore, Jones retained his pass, in the hope, possibly, of finding service to him in his attempt to escape from bondage.*

*Jones said he had suffered terribly in his confinement on account of thirst; that his body was nearly all the time next to the boiler, which was so hot that it would sometimes almost roast him. There being, as we have said, no ventilation for the place, the steam was so great as to create quite a quarrel among the coal-heavers as to who had best guilty of committing a nuisance thereto.*

*A CONTEMPLATED JOKE TURNS OUT TO BE A SERIOUS AFFAIR.*

*THE BEN. DE FORD MISTAKES THE SPAULDING FOR AN ENGLISH STEAMER.*

*The Ben. de Ford kept her direct course for nearly half an hour before she answered the signals of the Spaulding and hove to, to meet us. It was afterwards understood that Capt. Hallett, of the Ben. de Ford, had mistaken the Spaulding for an English steamer, as she was then steering in the direct route of vessels bound from Liverpool to New York. The weather continued hazy for some time, which prevented Capt. Hallett from seeing our signals, and it was not until he heard a number of the Spaulding's guns which had been fired in the Revolution, and in the war of 1812, were made to thunder the alarm that was to attract his attention. He then hoisted the private signal of the line, (the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Company,) which was answered in a similar manner by Capt. Howes, and the vessels neared each other.*

*SENDING THE NEGRO ON BOARD—A STIRRING SCENE.*

*About 9 o'clock A. M., (Block Island bearing N. N. E., distant fifteen miles,) the vessels being within a couple of cable lengths of each other, the order was given by Capt. Howes to "bring the man up"—note explaining the circumstances of the case, addressed to Capt. Hallett, having been previously prepared by the commander of the Spaulding, and placed in the hands of his chief officer, Mr. Atkins, to be delivered by him in person.*

*APPEARANCE OF THE NEGRO.*

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*RESCUE OF CAPTAIN FARNUM.*

*On Tuesday afternoon, about dusk, our county jail was visited by some four or five persons who effected the rescue of Captain Farnum, who was arrested in New York, and brought to this State for trial on a charge of complicity with the slave-trade in the Wandering case. The circumstances of the case are as follows:*

*At 8 A. M., Capt. Howes made out a steamer, bearing N. N. W., and although the weather was hazy, he was satisfied that it was the vessel he desired to intercept. Signals were then hoisted and guns fired. The American ensign, Union down, was flying as a signal of distress, and the threats of the guns which had been used in the Revolution, and in the war of 1812, were made to thunder the alarm that was to attract his attention. The alarm that was to attract his attention. The alarm that was to attract his attention.*

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